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MANDALAY

BY  
RUDYARD  
KIPLING

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# MANDALAY









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## MANDALAY



GARDEN CITY, N. Y., AND TORONTO  
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

1921



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TRANSLATION INTO FOREIGN LANGUAGES,  
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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS  
MANDALAY

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# MANDALAY

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**B**Y THE old Moulmein  
Pagoda, lookin' eastward  
to the sea,  
There's a Burma girl a-settin',  
and I know she thinks o' me;  
For the wind is in the palm-trees,  
and the temple-bells they say:  
"Come you back, you British  
soldier; come you back to  
Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,  
Where the old Flotilla lay:  
Can't you 'ear their paddles  
    chunkin' from Rangoon to  
Mandalay?

On the road to Mandalay,  
Where the flyin'-fishes play,  
An' the dawn comes up like  
    thunder outer China 'crost  
the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er  
little cap was green,  
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—  
jes' the same as Theebaw's  
Queen,  
An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a  
whackin' white cheroot,  
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on  
an 'eathen idol's foot:  
Bloomin' idol made o' mud—  
Wot they called the Great  
Gawd Budd—  
Plucky lot she cared for idols  
when I kissed 'er where she  
stud!  
On the road to Mandalay. . .







When the mist was on the rice-  
fields an' the sun was drop-  
pin' slow,  
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd  
sing "*Kulla-lo-lo!*"  
With 'er arm upon my shoulder  
an' 'er cheek agin my cheek  
We useter watch the steamers an'  
the *hathis* pilin' teak.  
Elephints a-pilin' teak  
In the sludgy, sjudgy creek,  
Where the silence 'ung that  
'eavy you was 'arf afraid to  
speak!  
On the road to Mandalay. . .

But that's all shove be'ind me—  
long ago an' fur away,  
An' there ain't no 'busses runnin'  
from the Bank to Mandalay;  
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London  
what the ten-year soldier  
tells:

“If you've 'eard the East  
a-callin', you won't never  
'eed naught else.”

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else  
But them spicy garlic smells,  
An' the sunshine an' the palm-  
trees an' the tinkly temple-  
bells;

On the road to Mandalay . . .





I am sick o' wastin' leather on  
these gritty pavin'-stones,  
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle  
wakes the fever in my bones;  
'Tho' I walks with fifty 'ouse-  
maids outer Chelsea to the  
Strand,  
An' they talks a lot o' lovin',  
but wot do they under-  
stand?  
Beefy face an' grubby 'and—  
Law! wot do they understand?  
I've a neater, sweeter maiden  
in a cleaner, greener land!  
On the road to Mandalay . . .

Ship me somewheres east of Suez,  
where the best is like the  
worst,

Where there are n't no Ten Com-  
mandments an' a man can  
raise a thirst;

For the temple-bells are callin',  
an' it's there that I would  
be—

By the old Moulmein Pagoda,  
looking lazy at the sea;

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On the road to Mandalay,  
Where the old Flotilla lay,  
With our sick beneath the awn-  
ings when we went to Man-  
dalay!

O the road to Mandalay,  
Where the flyin'-fishes play,  
An' the dawn comes up like  
thunder outer China 'crost  
the Bay!







